

## LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author  
Idah McGlone Gibson

**JOHN IS LEARNING.**

"I'm afraid I have to go now, John, are you coming with me?"

"No, I'm going back to the office," he answered after a little hesitation. "I've lost so much time today, I must make up for it."

"I'm sorry that I will have to make up this evening," he said.

"Aren't you coming home to dinner?"

"John waited a moment before he answered. 'I'm afraid I can't, Katherine. I have to go to the office. I have an important meeting to attend. I'll be home late, but I'll try to get home before midnight.'"

"I'm sure that it does not matter," John said.

He turned quickly and facing me squarely he caught the afternoon sun as it came through one of the stained glass windows on the lower case at the side of the fireplace. The golden light seemed to fairly dance on my Chinese gold tea paper with which the workmen had finished covering that side of the room. Like a kaleidoscope the blue and purple and green and red splashed itself along the wall.

"Oh, I say, Katherine, isn't that pretty?" exclaimed John, and he looked across at the dancing colors. "I'm really glad that you have put some-thing bright on the walls. That gold makes a wonderful background for the sunlight as it comes through that stained window. I like it ever so much better than I did that old-fashioned Colonial paper which was so dark and gloomy. You would want to see the walls. You understand, don't you, dear?"

"I said a little differently. That I was busy trying to get my car running on the new house. And when Elizabeth suggested that it would be a fine thing to have it all decorated for me when you returned, it seemed to me she was right."

"What are you thinking about, Katherine?" asked John as I silently watched the rainbow tints of the setting sun upon the walls.

"I was just wondering, John, why it is that Elizabeth always has been able to make you acquiesce in all her suggestions, while I have always treated mine with indifference."

I rather smiled at the surprise on John's face. I could see that it was a new thought with John Gordon that

he had allowed any woman to influence him. "Don't you think you are drawing it rather long, Katherine?" he expostulated. "I really don't think that I have ever tried to influence you. She said the other day that it seemed too bad that we would have to wait so long after you arrived to have the house decorated."

"I hadn't thought of it before, but of course, as soon as she mentioned it, it seemed to me only thoughtful to have it done before you came."

"Oh, John, John, forgive me for smiling at you. Can't you see that Elizabeth, knowing you as she does, knew that she only had to make a remark to put the idea into your head? She's a clever woman, my dear, and her methods are exactly the methods that one should use to influence you. I expect that she has learned them by growing up with you, John. But wherever she has learned them, she knows one thing and knows it thoroughly, and that is that you, my dear husband, do not like direct methods. You want to think that the whole idea is your own. All the women folk who have learned this."

"Except you," interrupted John with a smile.

"Yes, John, I have to be direct. It is the one thing, perhaps, that shows my egotism."

John came toward me. "Yes, Katherine, you are slightly egotistical, although I have never known you to be so. It is not a matter of taste or culture and I guess I'll let you have your own way in them after this."

"Oh, you needn't go as far as that, John. Just do not go ahead and do everything yourself, where I am concerned without consulting me. Inquire of me once in a while what I want, won't you? Like all other human beings, I really like to feel that I am a free agent, and can make a choice."

"You bet I'll inquire, girl, and I'll tell the world that it costs a man money to let some other woman decide what his wife wants."

"Do you suppose the other man will ever learn it, dear?"

"I think he will, especially if it costs him as much to make the change as this man has to."

"It costs some men much more than that, my dear, and yet they do not learn."

Tomorrow—John Wants to Change.

## Dorothy Dix Talks

THE NAKED TRUTH

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

I know a woman who indulges herself in brutal candor. Show her your new hat and she will say, "It's a very pretty hat, but it is ten years too young for you." Take her to ride in your new car and she will tell you that it goes very well for a moderate-priced machine, but that it doesn't compare with the gorgeous limousine of the moneybags in which she was cut last week. Exhibit your idolized child to her, and she will ask you if her eyes aren't a little crossed, or if he isn't small and undeveloped for his age.

And when you turn away hurt, angry and outraged, she will say with an air of injured truthfulness, "Well, I'm perfectly truthful. There is no hypocrisy about me. I always say exactly what I think."

Now this woman, and thousands like her, actually try to turn to their selves for righteousness when they go about wounding the sensibilities of people, taking the pleasure out of their possessions, and filling them with fear and dread and despair, because they do it in the name of truth.

It seems never to have occurred to them that very often, just because a thing is the truth, it is the one injurious reason why it should never be spoken. You may tell a clever man that he is acting like a fool, but never a stupid man, who acts like a fool because he really is one. You may call your host's ten thousand dollar automobile a Tin Lizzie, but never a flivver. You may say to sweet-and-sour that her frock is too youthful, but when fat-and-forty has blown in the savings and scrippings of months on a flapper outfit, you may not tell her how clothes merely emphasize her age and stoutness.

The truth hurts, therefore the more careful we should be about saying it, unless it is absolutely necessary that it should be said. This is not to advocate lying. It is only a plea for the suppression of the gratuitous truths that stab like a dagger and serve no useful purpose.

If, for instance, the woman I quoted in the beginning of this article, were asked whether she thought her friend's hat too young, she would have been bound to give an honest answer, but that question was not put to her. She could with perfect truthfulness have said that she thought the hat beautiful, and withheld her personal opinion as to its appropriateness to the wearer. Thus she would still have remained veracious, kind, and refrained from wounding a friend and spoiling her joy in her hat.

Inasmuch as none of us hold a divine commission to regulate the lives of our friends, or to tell them their possessions, it is not often that we are forced to tell them brutal truths. Generally we can preserve the amenities of the situation without doing violence to our consciences in either direction. We can praise the view from a house without saying that the house itself is furnished in atrocious taste. We can say that Jones is a good, honest man without adding that he is an intolerable bore. We can eulogize the example of the old bachelor, who was a truthful James, who, when shown a new baby, always exclaimed in tones of the deepest conviction, "Well, this is a child," a cryptic remark in which the proud mother read the most fulsome praise, which remained a fact that nobody would dispute, and committed the speaker to no personal opinion on the baby's looks.

As for people justifying their brutal candor by claiming the right to say exactly what they think, as well as might they arrogate to themselves the privilege of indulging in other impulse unchecked. All of us see things that other people have that we covet, but we do not forcibly grab the desired article and make it our own. There are times when we simply echo to commit assault and battery upon the persons of our friends, but we restrain ourselves. Probably there are not a husband and wife in the world who haven't had a moment in which they could joyfully have murdered each other, yet uxoricide is a comparatively rare crime.

Law, decency, convention have taught us to restrain our hands. Why should not the same restraint be put on our tongues? Why have we any more right to go about robbing people of their peace of mind, and their harmless conceits, than we have to steal their jewelry or their automobiles? Why have we any more right to

## Healthy Babies For Uncle Sam

Chief of Children's Bureau Says Women Not Good Mothers By Instinct

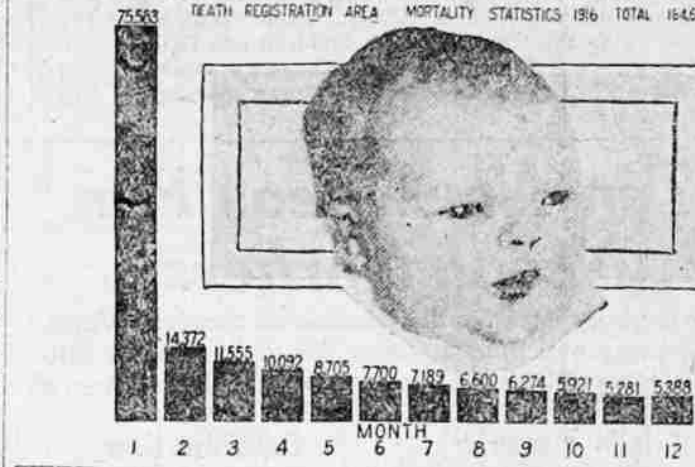
BY JULIA LATHROP,  
Chief U. S. Children's Bureau.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.—One baby out of every 10 born in the United States dies before it is a year old. No woman wants her baby to be the unfortunate tenth one that fails to survive, but women are not good mothers by instinct, and many of them undoubtedly subject their children to grave risks because they have not learned efficiently the business of motherhood.

Half the infants dying the first year of life die during the first six weeks after birth. Chief causes:—  
Income insufficient for the family need.  
Venereal disease of the parents.  
Health condition of mother during pregnancy.  
Unskilled assistance during confinement.  
Lack of care during the lying-in period.

One of the most important lessons in motherhood is that which the fewest mothers know—that the care of the child must start, not at birth, but before he comes into the world. Nearly half the babies that die in their first year die before they are four weeks old. Most of these deaths are due to the fact that mothers have not had the proper care before and during confinement.

Every woman who expects to become a mother should have a complete physical examination by a competent physician early in pregnancy. Regular tests should be made of

## DEATHS UNDER ONE YEAR OF AGE BY MONTHLY AGE GROUPS



Children's bureau table shows monthly age groups of deaths under one year of age.

urine as a means of detecting signs of disease and she should consult a physician immediately should any unusual symptoms occur. For the rest, a life should lead as healthy and normal as life as possible, with moderate exercise, abundant sleep, and plenty of water, fresh air, and suitable recreation. Good food, including milk, clothing are among the essentials. Of importance equal to that of

## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

Mr. Scribble Scratch, the Fairy Queen thanked Tingal and the twins for the rent money, very sweetly, then a worried little frown appeared upon her face. "Here's a letter from the big pocket-book they had hid in her lap, but where am I to get people to do things? It's time for the Meadow-Grove school to start, and my chief, fairy schoolmaster,

Nancy looked at Nick, and Nick looked at Nancy, and their good friend, the Magical Mushroom, looked at both of them.

"Go on," whispered the Mushroom encouragingly. "Why don't you ask her?"

"Please," said Nick timidly, "may we help Mr. Scribble Scratch?"

"I can look up the trunks because I've



"Please," said Nick timidly, "may we help Mr. Scribble Scratch?"

Scribble Scratch, said Nick, "I can look up the trunks because I've got my Green Shoes to take 'em around."

"And I," put in Nancy eagerly, "can dust and shine the windows, and help with the housework."

"And I," spoke up the Magical Mushroom quickly, "can teach them any language at all from Hottentot to Chinese."

"But," put in a new voice just then, "all we want is chimpunk chatter and groundhog grunting. And nothing harder than X.Y.Z's."

Everybody turned and beheld Mr. Scribble Scratch, the fairy schoolmaster.

## DR. VANCE'S DAILY ARTICLE

What is your national accent? I am not speaking so much of what is on your tongue, as what is in your mind and heart, when you say "America." What are our feelings as we think of our national life today?

Can we say "America" as the first settlers said it? They were fleeing from oppression. They were seeking a land where they could worship God and be unafraid. We are preparing a Mayflower celebration to mark the 400th anniversary of the coming of that little band who hailed the winds which greeted them as they landed on a bleak New England coast as winds from the heights of God.

Can we say it as millions of the poor of our land have said it during the last hundred years? They were hunting a place where they might work and live. Here they found freedom and opportunity. They have learned to love the flag. They call America their mother, and many of them have been ready to die for her.

Or must we say it as some of these people are saying it today? The fire has died on the hearthstone of their patriotism. The light has faded from their faces. There is no more in their voices as they speak of America. They are going away with bitterness. Their love has turned to hate. They curse America as the cable holds and they say "Adieu."

Shall we say it as bigoted and untraveled provincialism used to say it, when America dwelt in the backwoods

E. H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel corporation, is a great movie fan. Not that Gary often goes to the movies. He doesn't. But he believes that movie audiences provide about the best cross-section of the public that can be found in any public gathering place, and that the viewpoint of a movie audience is the safest index as to the viewpoint of the public generally.

During the recent steel strike Gary is said to have ordered a close watch kept on movie shows to see the drift of public sentiment. Particularly was he interested in the company they should give our anxious some play. When old Hiram Rumble was living, he cornered all anguish and pain; each hour in his passing was giving some joint an additional strain. His nights were head-dotted and sleepless, his days had the semblance of years; and if he was dry-eyed and weepless, it was because he had run out of tears. But now all that is over, he sleeps in his comfortable bed like a child; then why should our

garments be rended, and why should our wallings be wild? Above him the blue grass is seeded, above him the daisies have grown, the heat of the summer's unheeded, the cold of the winter's unheeded. Rheumatism may torture and rack us, and put all our lives out of tune, all manners of life may attack us, but Hiram is immune. And so I know little of sorrow when over his casket I stood; I doubt if old Hiram would borrow one hour of this life if he could.

## BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

### UNCLE WIGGILY'S QUEER RIDE

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By Howard R. Garis.

"Where's Uncle Wiggily?" asked Uncle Butter, the goat gentleman, as he tapped with his horns on the door of the hotel stump higgled one day.

"Why, Uncle Wiggily, as he almost always does, has gone out to look for an adventure!" explained Nurse Jane. "Did you want to go with him, Mr. Butter?" she asked politely.

"No, indeed! And I wish Uncle Wiggily hadn't gone!" went on the uncle of Hille and Nannie Wagtail, the goat children. "I hurried over as fast as I could, but I'm too late. Oh, dear! I know something dreadful will happen."

"Why, how you startle me!" cried Nurse Jane. "Is anything the matter, Uncle Butter?"

"No, but there soon may be," was the answer. "The old Skeek is loose in the woods again. I just met Grandpa Whackum, the beaver gentleman, who met the Skeek. The Skeek doesn't bother about Grandpa Whackum's house, or mine, or our ears are too tough. But he'll surely get after Uncle Wiggily, the Skeek will."

"Oh, my goodness, the Skeek alive and some apple pie lollypops!" cried Nurse Jane. "What can I do, Oh, Wiggily? Wiggily?" she called. "Come back, before the Skeek gets you!"

"He is too far away to hear you," said Uncle Butter. "I came over to warn him, and now, since I have missed him, I'll run on through the woods. Maybe I can catch Uncle Wiggily, and have him turn back, before the Skeek catches him."

"Oh, I hope not! Run, Uncle Butter! And save our Uncle Wiggily!"

"I will," said the goat gentleman, and away he started, shaking his horns and saying:

"If I catch that Skeek I'll nibble him! If I catch that Skeek I'll nibble him! If I catch that Skeek I'll nibble him!"

And now we must see what is happening to Uncle Wiggily. The bunnies uncle hopped on and over the fields and through the woods, looking for an adventure, and soon he came to a long hill, on top of which he could see some trees and other things growing.

"I'll go up to the top of the hill," said Uncle Wiggily, "and, perhaps, I shall find an adventure. I hope so."

Up the hill he hopped, and soon he came to the top, and could go no farther because there was a big wall of rock as high as his head, and the bunnies could not jump, hop or walk over it.

"But, anyhow, I'm at the top of the hill," thought the bunnies. "When I want to get to the bottom I can run down or roll down or slide like a sled. But first I'll look for an adventure here."

The bunnies gentleman looked around amid the trees and bushes, but not

an adventure could he find. Then he looked down the sloping hill and, at the bottom, he saw something that made him very nervous. For there was the Skeek and the Pipewash. And the Skeek was pointing one claw up the hill and saying:

"Uncle Wiggily is there. He can't get up any farther, on account of the high wall of rock, and he can't get down without passing us, and then we'll get his house!"

"I believe you," gargled the Pip. "Then something rolled down the hill from near where Uncle Wiggily was hiding under a bush."

"What was that?" the bunnies heard the Skeek ask.

"Just one of the old, dried puff balls," was the answer. "A lot of big puff balls grow on top of the hill. They are hollow, with some seeds in them. Every now and then the balls drop off the bushes and roll down the hill. Don't pay any attention to them."

"No, I shall not," said the Pip. "But what was that?" the Skeek asked.

"Well, wait here a little longer," said the Skeek, "until we get good and hungry for some, and then we'll go up and get him if he doesn't come down before."

"I'm with you," granted Pip, and just then another big puff ball broke off the bush where it had been growing and rolled down the hill.

"Don't mind them," said the Skeek. "No, I shall not," answered the Pip. "Then the two big chaps stretched out to wait for Uncle Wiggily to come down pretty soon, or if he didn't they'd go up and get him. But the bunnies was not going to be caught."

"Here comes Uncle Wiggily's ride," laughed Uncle Wiggily. He picked out the largest puff ball he could find and, making a hole on one end, he crawled inside. He curled up in it, like a chicken in an egg and stuffed some grass in the hole he had made. Then, giving himself a little jiggle, the bunnies rolled down the hill, having a dandy ride inside the hollow ball. Right in between the Pip and Skeek rode Uncle Wiggily down hill.

"What's that?" asked the Pip, rounding up.

"Only one of those puff balls. Don't pay any attention to it," said the Skeek.

"No, I shall not," said the Pip. Then he and the Skeek went to sleep again, but when they awakened, and went up the hill to get the bunnies, he wasn't there. He had rolled down in the puff ball and, at the bottom of the slope, he met Uncle Butter, the goat, and the goat helped Uncle Wiggily get out from inside the ball.

"My goodness, I'm worried about you, Uncle Wiggily," said Nurse Jane. "But you're safe now. You're smart to think of riding in a puff ball! And I guess the bunnies was. Anyhow, if the pieces of cheese doesn't hide behind the apple pie when it's playing tag with the powdered sugar, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the cake."

## Sister Mary's Kitchen

As soon as meat or fruit is brought from the market, it should be removed from the paper.

Meat should be put on a porcelain or enamel plate and set in the ice-chest. If the paper wrapping is allowed to remain around meat, there will be an unpleasant taste.

Fruit keeps better if put in a bowl or open container of some sort when set in the refrigerator to chill.

A melon that has been cut should have the cut surface covered closely with waxed paper but the brown wrapping paper should be taken off.

**MEAT FOR TOMORROW**  
BREAKFAST—Stewed prunes, French toast, sugar syrup, coffee.

LUNCHEON—Cucumbers stuffed with pearls, bread and butter, radishes, junket ice cream, sponge cake, tea.

DINNER—Planked ham, candied sweet potatoes, celery salad, sliced peaches, nut cookies, coffee.

**MY OWN RECIPES**  
French chowder is better if made of bread quite frankly stale. Stale bread seems to accumulate faster in summer than winter and is an excellent way to use it. One egg or two may be used with the chowder, and a grating of nutmeg for the mixture in which to dip the bread. Fry quickly in a small amount of fat.

**CUCUMBERS STUFFED WITH PEARLS**  
4 cucumbers  
1-2 cup cold boiled lamb (chopped)  
1-2 cup cold boiled rice  
1 small onion

salt and paprika.  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
1-2 teaspoon each thyme, summer savory, sweet marjoram, nutmeg

1 cup thick white sauce  
The cucumbers should be five or six inches long. Pare, cut off one end and scoop out the pulp with a spoon. A thick cold case should be left. Mix onion, mix lamb, rice and seasonings with some of the cucumber pulp. Fill cucumber shells with mixture. Fasten the ends with toothpicks. Put into salted boiling water and boil tender, about ten minutes. An onion and two or three bay leaves may be added to the water. Drain cucumbers and serve with white sauce.

**JUNKET ICE CREAM**  
3 cups milk  
3-4 cup sugar  
1 junket tablet  
2 tablespoons cold water  
1 tablespoon vanilla

Heat milk and sugar until lukewarm. Remove from fire and add junket tablet which has been crushed and vanilla. Stand 30 minutes until cool and jellied. Turn into ice-cream mold and pack in salt and ice. Let stand 10 or 15 minutes. Scrape down the sides. Beat in whipped cream. Let stand two or three hours. This cream will be ruined if the dessert is used. After the freezer is packed with ice and rock salt, pour over a strong brine.

In England they eat five times a day. Hurrah for America!

## Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

**THE RELEASE**  
When Old Hiram Rumble was planted, I sighed like a son of a gun, although I was rather, enchanted to know that his troubles were done. Some symptoms of grief are expected when neighbors or friends pass away, we have to look sad and dejected, and give our anxious some play. When old Hiram Rumble was living, he cornered all anguish and pain; each hour in his passing was giving some joint an additional strain. His nights were head-dotted and sleepless, his days had the semblance of years; and if he was dry-eyed and weepless, it was because he had run out of tears. But now all that is over, he sleeps in his comfortable bed like a child; then why should our

garments be rended, and why should our wallings be wild? Above him the blue grass is seeded, above him the daisies have grown, the heat of the summer's unheeded, the cold of the winter's unheeded. Rheumatism may torture and rack us, and put all our lives out of tune, all manners of life may attack us, but Hiram is immune. And so I know little of sorrow when over his casket I stood; I doubt if old Hiram would borrow one hour of this life if he could.

**GIRL CHAMPION PIE EATER**  
(By International News Service)  
SCITUATE, R. I.—When Elizabeth Bowen won first prize by eating eleven blueberry pies at the Old Home Week observances here she was handed a \$10 bill. Elizabeth Bowen is a 26-year-old girl who lives in Scituate, a town of twenty cents a wedge for six cuts to the pie. It was estimated Miss Bowen ate \$12 worth of this seasonal paster. But blueberry pies are notoriously thin and skimpy, while Scituate housewives make the "biggest country kind, so that the young woman was generally considered to be a champion pie eater. It fit to challenge any in the country.

By Allman

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—Tom Tries to Pull the Big Surprise.

